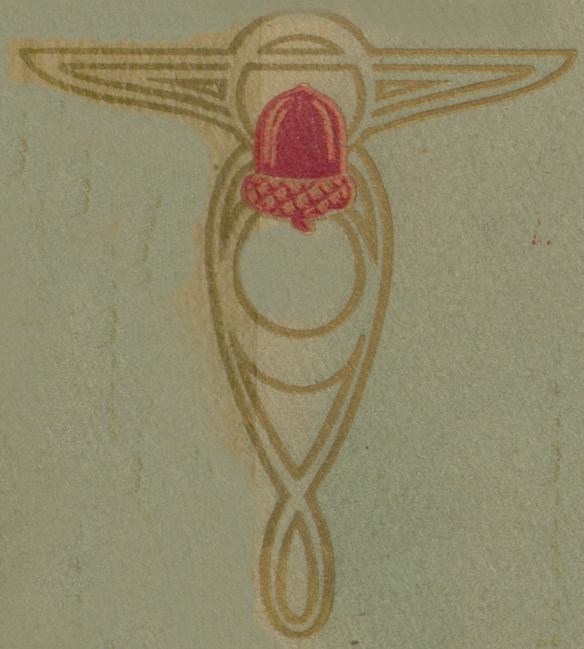
The ACORN



We, the Class of December '06 do hereby dedicate this "Acorn" to our esteemed principal, Dr. Thompson, and the Faculty.

SIERRA

Farewell.

"Parting is such sweet sorrow"—Only too well do we realize this now, and as the time draws near for us to make our final bow, it becomes harder and harder. After all, what a short time it has seemed since we took upon ourselves the dignified title of High School Students. It is true that the road has been an uphill climb, but nothing is gained without effort, and each little jolt and stumbling-block in our path has been just that much gain to us. If our way had been entirely strewn with roses, even though it might have been pleasant, still we would not have gained the end toward which we were working, and we could not have derived one of the principal aims of a High School education. For what is school if not a little miniature world by itself, and if we learn to fight life's battles there, how much easier it is going to be for us when we go into that great unknown quantity, the world.

However, study is not all that we have gained along the way, but something else—a something which no one should live without—dear, true friends. The ties that we have formed during our four years are of the strongest, and let us hope that nothing can rend them asunder. As we look back upon our school career, we wonder how many mistakes we have made, for we would not be human if we had not committed some. If there be any whom we have offended or hurt, to them we say: "We have always tried to do our best, and for aught else, pardon us:" so we hope the "dead past will bury the dead."

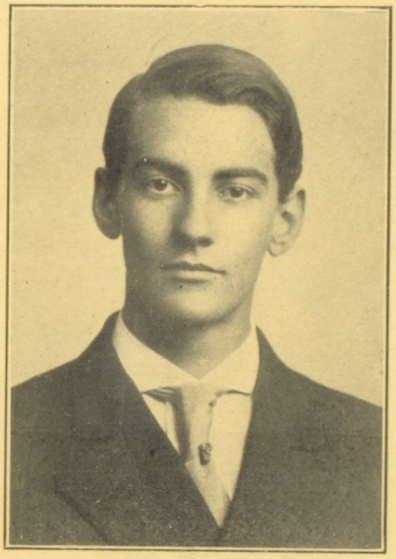
To the school at large, December, '06, wishes the best of luck, and the brightest hope we can extend to you is that you, too, will cherish our own dear memory of your High School days.

We have looked upon our teachers and principals, not in the role of our instructors, but rather as friends; and what dear friends they have been to us. What we have accomplished we certainly owe to them, and we will try our best in after life to prove worthy of the hope and trust they have put in us.

However, our interest in our "alma mater" is not going to end on commencement night, for we will still feel ourselves a part of the school and cherish all its successes and failures as of old.

So now once more, Farewell, as the "best of friends must part;" but December '06 is going to "say au revoir, but not good-bye."

ADELE EHRENBERG.



HOWARD FASSETT

PRES. OF THE CLASS OF DEC. '06

IDA SPENCE
EDNA MOULTHROP
ALLEN FRICK

EVA GIBBONS
MARION MITCHELL
HELEN PERKINS

LILA THOMPSON EM LOU FRISBIE

HELMUT HINCK ADELE EHRENBERG

GRACE RENNER LOUISE THOMPSON

WILLIAM EVERTS MILDRED TURNER HENRY JACKSON

MAJORIE COCKROFT

JEAN TYSON GERTRUDE EBERLE ESTER WIST

JANE BECKER

VIOLA MINOR

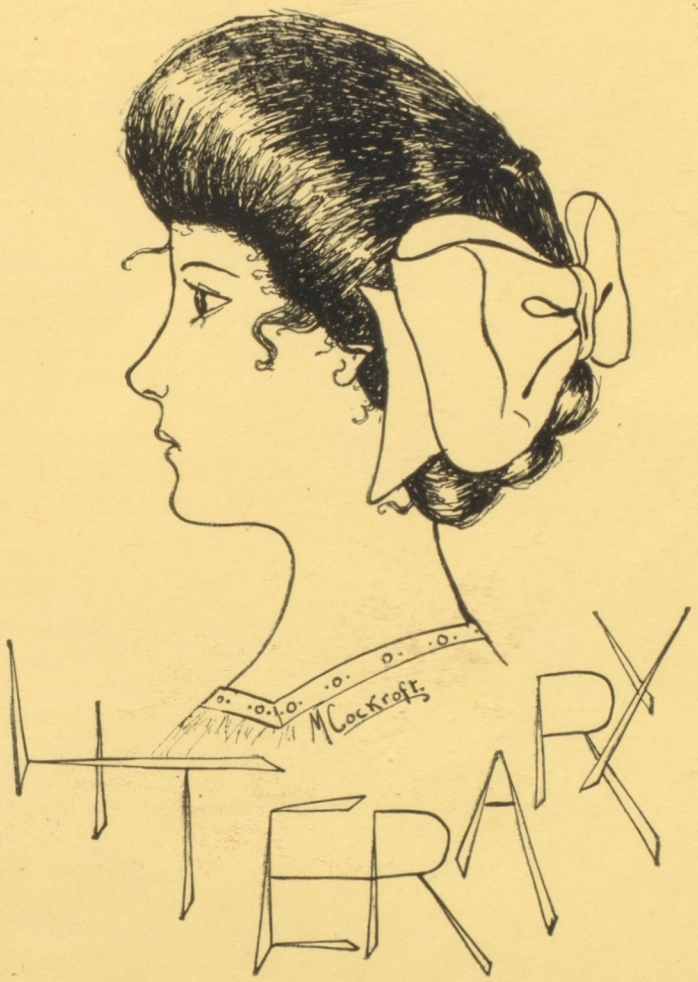
MARTHA KIRBY

CHARLES BRANDT

THERESA MEHRTENS

MABEL WOODIN

HELEN STROUPE


M Cockroft
LITERARY

CLASS HISTORY.

Just four years ago we added our number to those already enrolled in Alameda High. How long and tedious those same four years seemed to us as we made our daily rounds in the old Porter School. Twice a day we turned our steps to Miss Cohen, once that we might learn to speak correctly and again to revel in Grecian lore. Then Miss Volmar would expound the Latin amor and all such tales of woe, but we truly enjoyed playing with Grecian heroes and carrying on mimic battles under Mr. Martin. I suppose we, like any class just entering, were a source of amusement to the older pupils, and a trial and tribulation to our teachers. But we learned —not necessarily merely lessons, either.

In our second term, the school took up its abode in our present dear old High School. Gradually the newness and novelty wore off and we settled down to work our way to Junior classes.

Great changes came in that second term. Dr. Scott, whom we had all learned to love in that short time, left for his position at Girls' High, San Francisco, and Dr. Thompson, our now esteemed principal, took his place. Mr. Ellis, whom every one liked, was succeeded by Mr. Mansfield, whose hearty laugh and bewitching curls are still a fond recollection. Mr. Cogswell went East to study, Miss Garretson to Europe, both of whom were to be gone a year. Meanwhile we threaded our way through the darkness of the Middle Ages and the complications of the modern. We struggled in troublesome campaigns of Caesar and tried to unravel the intricate maze of geometry. Finally we were marshaled on the road of Middlers.

How far we wandered from the regular routine can be easily discovered. Shortly after the term commenced we organized under Mr. Cogswell's kind supervision, electing our president and other officers. Many of our members became prominent in school activities, some serving on the Acorn staff, others taking part in athletic sports. Thus we prepared the way for our last term.

A Senior! How good it seemed to hear Miss Cohen read out our names that first school morning in January. No one who has not experienced it knows. Then a few moments later Miss Garretson, whose interest in our welfare has been greatly appreciated by the class, read our names on the Senior roll call. We had dwindled in size, although still a large class for the December term. As usual, some of our classmates had left, others dropped behind while still others have joined us, but we were all united in the one effort to make our class a success.

We gave a dance to June '06, which every one declared the best thing they ever attended. Then we entertained the whole school by presenting our farce, "A Treaty of Peace," which was written by members of the class. This was the first time anything of the kind was ever attempted and we have not only the word of the school, but also that of our teachers to assure us of our success.

All this happened before that great and memorable calamity, still so vivid in our minds, the earthquake and San Francisco fire. There is no need to speak further of that dire event; we all know too well concerning its disastrous effects. School was necessarily suspended for a couple of weeks, and when it convened again all our attention was devoted to our studies. We felt sorry for the graduating class, as they were forced to give up all the Senior customs, contenting themselves with merely commencement exercises.

Even this term we have felt the effect of that calamity in our efforts. We had great trouble in securing our Senior play, as we were forced to send East. This hindered us greatly, but we set about to make it all the better for the delay. We chose the cast from our own class, so as to keep it strictly a Senior play, and since Miss Hohfeld kindly consented to coach us, we kept it a school affair. The Park Theater was filled, and every one declared it a great success. This of course is our "Acorn," and it can readily speak for itself.

There will follow our commencement, and our dance, when we will cease to be members of the Alameda High. It is with regret we leave the old school and there is not one, but feels that these have been four years of great happiness and, as a class, we hope we may not be entirely forgotten.

EM LOU FRISBIE.

CLASS OFFICERS

President .....Howard H. Fassett
Vice-president .....Ida Spence
Secretary .....Adele Ehrenberg
Treasurer .....Henry Jackson
Executive Committee .....William Everts, Grace Renner, Em Lou Frisbie.

ACORN STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Adele Ehrenberg, '06½
Story Editor	Helen Stroupe, '06½
Exchange Editor	Helen Fulton, '07½
Josh Editor	Edwin Higgins, '07
Girls' Reporter	Ida Spence, '06½
Boys' Reporter	Cary Troy, '08
Boys' Athletics	Fritz Claxton, '07
Girls' Athletics	Irene Welp, '07½
Alumni Notes	Eleanor Russel, '06
Art Staff	Ruth Holt, '08 Ida Spence, '06½ Charlotte Brush, '07
Business Manager	Allan C. Beninger, '07½
Assistant Manager	Harry Sepulveda, '07

SENIOR ACORN STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Adele Ehrenberg

Stories ..... Marjorie Cockroft

Boys' Athletics ..... Howard H. Fassett

Girls' Athletics ..... Helen Stroupe

Class History ..... Em Lou Frisbie

Class Prophecy ..... Helen Perkins

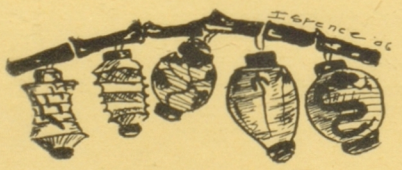
Exchanges ..... Lila Thompson

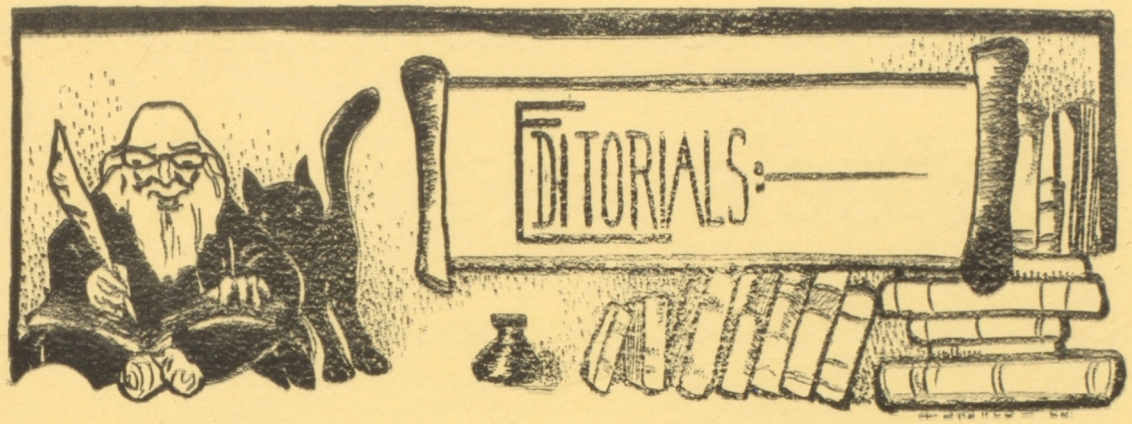
Horoscope ..... Ida Spence

Joshes ..... Will Everts

Art Staff ..... Ida Spence (Editor)
Marjorie Cockroft
Grace Renner

Business Managers ..... Helmut Hinck and Will Everts





With this, the Senior edition of the class of December '06, the editor puts down her pen, and heaves a sigh of regret—yes, it is regret, for our dear old school is a pretty good place, after all, and even though we are sometimes discouraged in our up-hill path, still when we mount to the top of that hill and look around our thoughts turn back to all our pleasant associations here, and a queer little lump rises somewhere between our heart and throat.

To the staff the editor wishes to express her heartiest thanks for all their assistance, for if there is any credit due the paper, it certainly belongs to them.

So once more the editor bids farewell, and proposes "a long life and a happy one" for the Acorn next term.

The staff joins in wishing our teachers and fellow students a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

GLEE CLUB.

Congratulations are certainly in order, for the school at last is the proud possessor of a Girls' Glee Club. For some reason or other Alameda has never boasted that proud distinction before, and yet we have had sore need of such an organization. An enthusiastic meeting was held to organize it, and under the able direction of Mr. Cogswell it can not help but be a success.

On Friday afternoon, November 16th, the Oakland Glee Club was kind enough to come over and furnish an incentive to the girls, by giving us a program well worthy of professionals. It certainly was a treat, and made us all look forward to the days when we, too, will be able to do likewise.

We wish you the greatest possible success, Glee Club, "a long life and a happy one."

DRAMATIC CLUB.

Again Dame Rumor has been afloat, and this time we hear dire predictions of a dramatic club. This certainly would be a great benefit, both to the school and its individual members, and ought to be heartily supported. The high Seniors consider themselves very unfortunate in the fact that all these good things have started just as they are ready to leave, but if they can do no more, at leats, December '06 wishes you a hearty success, and a brilliant future.

Bettie's Adventure

Betty sat dreaming in the library. Outside the snow was falling steadily and occasional gusts of wind blew the snow against the windows with a sharp rattle. But once inside the room the storm was forgotten. In the huge fireplace the great logs burned brightly, and the polished andirons glowed in the firelight. Above the fireplace hung a picture of Betty's great-uncle, thrown into sharp relief by the firelight.

He was dressed in the uniform of a Confederate officer. He had been killed early in the war, and as Betty looked now on the smooth, boyish face, the crisp, dark hair, and the serious brown eyes, she wished she had known this young great-uncle.

Betty sat in a large armchair, almost buried in the cushions, drawn close up to the fire.

Tonight was the night of her coming-out dance, and she wondered what it would be like, and if she would have partners for all the dances. She did hope so, it would be awful if—

Betty had lifted her eyes to the picture, and now, as she gazed at it, the pictured face seemed to smile down into her own. The next moment the figure had stepped from the canvas and was standing beside her, hat in hand, and bowing with the grace of fifty years ago.

"Why, Betty" he said, "it is time for our dance. I have been looking for you."

Betty looked up bewildered. She rubbed her eyes; surely she must be dreaming.

But he gave her no more time for further speculation. He took her arm gently and the next moment she was gliding away with him to the music of "Annie Laurie."

They paused after a time in a secluded corner to rest, while her uncle went for refreshments. Betty looked around her.

The room was very large. Sparkling glass chandeliers hung from the center of the ceiling and from each end of the room. The soft glow from the hundreds of candles filled the room and was reflected on the glass-like floor. At one end, screened off by immense palms sat the colored orchestra, fiddling as though their lives depended on it. Through the door at the opposite end of the room Betty could look into a smaller room where a number of gentlemen in the high stocks and black frock coats of the day, and ladies in hoop skirts, were gathered around the refreshment table.

Betty's uncle now returned with punch, and as Betty sipped daintily, he pointed out to her the people in the room. "There is Tom Page, the Virginia Pages, you know, my dear, talking to Helen Lee." And scattered around the room were members of many leading Southern families.

As Betty's eyes strayed over the groups they suddenly rested on a tall, drak girl wearing a white gown. She had a red rose in her dark hair, and a long curl rested on her white shoulder.

Betty turned to her uncle. "Who is she, Uncle Jack?" she asked.

"The lady is Miss Virginia Peyton," he answered. And before Betty could ask more about her, the music began again, and her uncle left her with murmured thanks and a low bow.

Betty watched him as he crossed the room, a tall, slim figure in his close-fitting uniform.

She was not at all surprised when he joined Miss Peyton, and they turned way together toward the dimly-lighted hall.

As they left the room she turned to watch the dancers. How different from the wild scramble in a modern ball room; everyone moved slowly, there was no crushing together of couples. At one end of the room a quadrille was forming. Betty wondered why the quadrille was never danced now. It was so slow and stately.

The music stopped, with a long wail from the violin. The room was filled with low talk and laughter and the rustle of silken skirts.

Betty was beginning to be rather lonely, and thought her uncle had quite deserted her, when she saw him coming across the room with the white-gowned lady. Betty noticed that the red rose from her hair had changed to her uncle's coat.

They came up to her and Betty thought she had never seen so lovely a lady, and Uncle Jack had never looked so happy.

"My dear," he was saying, "this lady of Miss Virginia Peyton, to whom I am engaged."

Betty jumped up with a little cry, "Why, Uncle Jock!" she began.

But the figures grew unaccountably dim, the lights faded slowly, the music died away, and the old familiar outlines of the library took their places.

UN COUP DE TETE

Mr. and Mrs. Day lived in a thinly settled suburb of Chicago. Their house was separated from others by stretches of grass-covered land, except on one side, where only a lot divided them from their most intimate friends, the Holmes. As Mr. Day had to go to the city every day, he left early every morning in a buggy, and returned after dark at night.

One Saturday afternoon as Mrs. Day was finishing her baking, she happened to glance out of the window and saw a strange, untidy looking man roaming around without any apparent object. At first she thought no more of the subject, but now and then the picture returned to her. Finally, she became quite uneasy and went to the different windows of the house to see if he were still around. Nothing could be seen of him. Nevertheless, she was not satisfied.

If he were a tramp he might try to get in at night and steal; he might have gone into the barn to surprise her husband after dark; and again he might not be around at all, were some of her thoughts.

At last she decided to investigate the matter to ease her own mind. Not liking the idea of going alone, she hurried over to her neighbors while she had the courage.

"Oh, Mrs. Holmes, I have a feeling that some one might be in the barn waiting to attack Will when he comes home tonight and goes in the barn to fix the horse, and I've decided to find out. Would you mind just standing at the door while I go in?"

Oh, how could you ask me! you know it would just kill me to do such a rash thing. I just couldn't. Why don't you wait till he comes home and warn him before he goes in?"

"I can't wait, Mrs. Holmes. It worries me so. So if you won't go, I'll have to go alone."

As she went down the stairs, Mrs. Holmes implored her not to do it, but she was determined, and Mrs. Holmes knew what that meant.

Without pausing, she went straight to the open barn door. At one side against the wall leaned the garden tools. Looking these over she decided to take the great hay rake as her implement of war. At first the glaring sun outside blackened the barn chamber so nothing could be seen in detail.

Once inside of the door and out of Mrs. Holmes' sight, she did hesitate, a strange fear creeping over her. But as her eyes accustomed themselves to the dark, the familiar objects strengthened her. Surely no one was there. But still, there was the hay loft.

A narrow pair of skeleton stairs on the left seemed to invite her. Now that she had gone so far she could not back out. Fearing to wait longer, lest her courage fail, she ran up to the loft. When she reached the top she glanced sharply around. On two sides were the stacks of baled hay; on the left the sliding door which stood partly open; in the center the loose hay gathered in a heap, and behind her the narrow stairs.

Surely she had been unnecessarily worried. But as a final proof, she raised the heavy rake above her head and brought it down with all her might in the middle of the pile of hay. Up sat the man with a groan, for she had evidently hit him, against all rules, below the belt. He flew for the window and dropped out, while she—well, she never understood how she landed safely in the kitchen again.

William Evert

Adele Ehrenberg.

Ida Spence.

SENIOR ALPHABET,

A is for Allen, always polite,
Who takes off his hat when girls come in sight;
Also for Adele, who's working for rec's.
To get her to Stanford .....
To get her in Stanford without taking an ex.

B is for Botany, which most Seniors take
In order to lighten their work; what a fake!

C is for Charles, whose last name is Brandt,
In civics especially he never says "can't."

D is for Dunce, but we never had one,
In the history of this class since it has begun.

E is for Em Lou, quiet and sedate,
Who never, no never, was known to be late;
Also for Eva and Esther and, well, you might guess,
They come from the wonderful G. H. S.
Lastly for Edna, a maiden demure,
Who never was known to have gotten a poor.

F is for Forensics, which we hope will soon sprout—
And be forced upon all as long as we're out.

G is for Gertrude and Grace, as well,
What will happen to them time alone can tell.

H is for Helen, two of them we boast,
Neither of them will come back for a post(G)
Also for Helmut, manager of this edition,
Through which he will gain both fame and volition.
Again for Hilda, who played basket-ball, and never was known to take a bad fall.
Likewise for Howard, whose ability I confess,
As manager of theatricals is quite a success.
Lastly for Henry, whom we all know as "Hiney,"
Who has for the last year had charge of our money.

I is for Ida, whose last name is Spence,
What she gets in her lessons she don't care a pence.

J is for Jean, of society fond,
between she and the teachers is a very strong bond(?).
Also for Jane, who Latin adores,
In which she has never had any fours.

K is for Kick, which all Seniors must do—
Very often, indeed, if they wish to get through.

L is for Louise and Lila, sisters stately and tall,
Thought to be twins, but they're not at all.
Also for Louise, very short and small,
Seems since she's been here she's not grown at all.

M is for Mildred, of musical art,
We all wish some would to us impart.
Also for Marjorie, of Puritan mien,
Of smiles and silence she's a queen.
Likewise for Martha, an intelligent student;
Whatever she does is always quite prudent.
Lastly for Marion, of build very slight;
Traveling abroad is her one delight.

N is for the Naughties of 1906,
Who have escaped every serious mix.

O is for Out, which we soon will be,
On the night of commencement, as you will see.

P is for Pupils, left in the school;
Woe to them who disobey the rule.

Q is for Questions, both long and short,
To answer them all, it is no sport.

R is for Rough-house, all boys know how,
Which is something the teachers won't allow.

S is for Study Period, all girls would enjoy
If it wasn't for the boys, who do them annoy.

T is for Theresa, to study she's bound—
If there's anything going on, she's looking around.

U is for University of C.,
Where many of us before long will be.

V is for Victory, you're sure to win,
If in the right path you'll begin.

W is for William, a cute little boy,
Who thinks his auto his only joy.

X is for X's in which we have passed,
And how glad we will be when we've finished our last.

Y is for You, whom we've left behind.
Be kind to your teachers, and always mind.

Z is for Zeal, and now we say farewell
To the teachers and students we've loved so well.

MABEL WOODIN.

SENIOR PROPHECY

I entered the magnificently lighted ball-room of Madame Beaufoy with a feeling of awe, as if something extraordinary was about to be revealed.

My hostess came forward and greeted me. We were old friends, but had not met for a number of years, so we sat down to one side to chat. I saw many familiar faces and inquired about them.

"Who is that young lady in the center of the hall, who seems to be the center of attraction?" I asked.

"That is Jean Tyson, the great society leader this year. That tall, graceful girl is Ida Spence. She is a fine opera singer, and the dark-haired beauty by her side is Adele Ehrenberg, an actress."

"Ah! here comes Jane Becker. Such a sweet girl. She is the head of a sorority at college."

"And that couple chatting so earnestly under those palms?"

"That is Grace Renner and William Everts. They are both enthusiasts over automobiles. Grace is an expert driver, and has a fashionable school, where she instructs ladies in the art."

"Who is that athletic-looking girl in the white dress?"

"Oh, that is Helen Stroupe, a fine athletic coach. And beside her is Martha Kirby, who is a student at Wellesley. They are great friends.

"You see that tall, dark man? Well, he is Helmut Hinck, principal of the Alameda High school.

"Oh! look, quick; there is Marion Mitchell, the novelist. She is always in a hurry."

At this moment a young woman came rushing up to me, carrying a pad and pencil.

"Why!" I exclaimed, "it's Mabel Woodin."

"Yes," she laughed, "it's Mabel. I am getting a report of this function for my paper, so I am in a hurry. Good-bye," and off she went. As I gazed after her some one touched my arm, and I turned to see Marjorie Cockroft, as quiet and demure as of old, even with the reputation of being the best art photographer in the country. At once I asked her about the rest of the class of December '06.

"You remember Edna Moulthrop? Well, she is a nun in a convent. We rarely see her, as she seldom leaves it. And Eva Gibbons has just published a fine poetical translation of Virgil. Gertrude Eherle is studying music in Germany, and Mildred Turner has also been studying abroad, but is now making a professional musical tour.

"You remember Louise Borella went to Europe just after graduation. In Italy she became acquainted with an Italian count, whom she married. So romantic!

"Lyla Thompson is a matron of an orphan asylum, and pretty Hilda Coulter has returned to Australia to visit her relatives.

Having given me this information, she went away.

"Ah! here comes Howard, a theatrical manager, and very successful. Esther Wist, in the pink dress, spends all her time in solving the question of woman's suffrage."

"Mr. Charles Brandt is an eminent lawyer," I heard some one say, and looking in the direction of the voice, I saw a tall, fine-looking young man.

"And what has become of Louise Thompson and Em Lou Frisbie?" I asked.

"Louise teaches in a private kindergarten, and Em Lou is a trained nurse in New York city."

Just then a stout young man passed me. "Why, I know him. It's Allen Frick," I exclaimed.

"Yes, he is a very successful financier, and has accumulated a great fortune."

A maid approached with refreshments, and among other things was chicken salad.

"What delicious salad. Oh, by the way, Theresa Mehrtens has become a famous violinist."

My attention was attracted by a well-known voice, carrying on a rapid conversation near me. In a moment the owner of the voice turned, and I saw that it was Helen Perkins, as bright and animated as ever. "She is a 'college widow' at an Eastern university," my host informed me. "She is talking to Henry Jackson, who is a famous end on the 'varsity foot-ball team. They are great friends as they both favor the same alma mater."

At this moment my carriage was announced, and as I had either seen or heard about all the members of December '06, I made my adieu.

HELEN PERKINS,
JANE BECKER.

Senior Play

"A Modern Cinderella," the play presented by the class of December '06, took place Friday evening, November 23d, at the Park Theater. In selecting a play, an effort was made to somewhat raise the standard and to try and give something really worth while; something which would reflect credit both on the school and the class.

The cast was more than fortunate in having for a coach Miss Rose Hohfeld, whose untiring efforts are responsible for what it was.

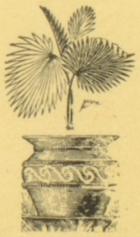
Judging from the reports the affair was a great success, both artistically and financially —we hope that people enjoyed it, for it was not our aim to take fifty cents from them for a night of agony; on the contrary, we wished to give them value received, and not let them go away wishing they had spent the evening elsewhere. Financially, it could not help being a success, for the house was entirely sold out, and nearly twenty dollars standing room was sold.

The choruses were all received with a great deal of enthusiasm and seemed to take with the audience, especially the Milk Maid's chorus which was encored and encored.

Mr. Fasset certainly deserves a great deal of praise for the efficient way in which he managed the play, for it helped materially in making the play a great success.

The following is the cast:

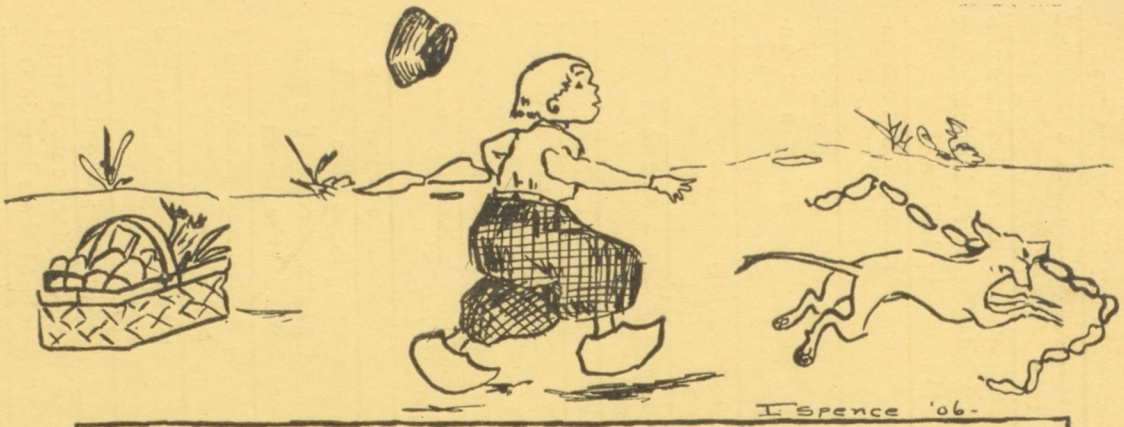
Lord Beaufoy.....William Everts
Jack Poyntz (his chum) ....Howard Fasset
Beau Farintosh (Lord Beaufoy's uncle)
..... Allen Frick
Dr. Sutcliffe .....Harry Nason
Mr. Krux (a teacher) .....Helmut Hinck
Bella (a poor orphan).....Jean Tyson
Naomi Tighe (a heiress) .....Ida Spence
Mrs. Sutcliffe .....Adele Ehrenberg
Footman .....Harry Sepulveda
Valet .....Charles Brandt
Girls attending Dr. Sutcliffe's Seminary:
Tilly .....Grace Renner
Milly .....Em Lou Frisbie
Laura .....Helen Stroupe
Clara ..... Lila Thompson
Hetty .....Helen Perkins
Kitty .....Marjorie Cockroft



Horoscope, Class of December, '06

NAME	APPEARANCE.	BESETTING SIN	FAVORITE EXURESSION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
Jane Becker	Saintly	Getting cases	Isn't he the dearest thing?	The mildest manners and the gentlest heart
Chas Brandt	Boyish	Bicycling	Oh fudge	A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrow
Louise Borella	Fetite	French	Oh what's the difference?	May those kind eye s forever dwell
Marjorie Cockroft	Studious	Her sympathetic nature	Oh dear!	As pure in thought as angels are; To know her was to love her
Hilda Coulter	Oriental	Backet-ball	Oh, I had rather not	A face with gladness overspread; Soft smiles by human kindness bred
Gertrude Eberle.....	Coy	Skating	Oh, do you think so?	Like a rose embowered in its own green leaves
Adele Eherenberg	Winsome	Her eyes	I am so upset	Ah you flavor everything; you are the vanilla of society
Will Everts	Happy	Laughing	Well say, er	He worked and sung from morn till night—no lark more blithe than he.
Howard Fassett	Dignified	Queening	Oh Gee! that's great	When a lady's in the case, you know all other things give place
Alan Frick	Cherub	Football	Oh! by Jove!	He was a man, take him for all in all; I shall not look upon his like again
Em Lou Frisbie	Demure	Talking loud	Oh pshaw	Her voice was ever soft, gentle, low, an excellent thing in women
Eva Gibbons	Flighty	Satin	Wouldn't that bump you?	Nor know we anything so fair as is the smile upon thy face

NAME	APPEARANCE.	BESETTING SIN	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FITTING QUOTATION
Helmut Hinck	Dramatic	Tennis	Don't ch-you know	A moral, sensible and a wellbred man
Henry Jackson	Blushing	Girls ! ! ? ?	Oh, go on!	Full well they laughed with counterfeit glee at all his jokes, for many a joke had he.
Martha Kirby	Quaint	Teasing Miss Hohfeld	Oh, help!	Studious to please, yet not ashamed t ofail
Theresa Mehrtens	She was short and sweet	Kindergarten	Oh, I don't care	They wear stripes on their foreheads, the freedoing a mountaineer.
Marion Mitchell	Pert	Writing stories	Oh heavens	She lived, but the story we cannot unfold
Edna Moulthrop	Shy	Studying	Oh, I don't know	Thy soul is like a star that dwelt apart
Helen Perkins	Saucy	Talking	Say, sister	She was a phantom of delight
Grace Renner	Flirty	Automobiling	I just thought I'd die	She is pretty to walk with and witty to talk with meet in her aspect and her eyes
Ida Spence	Bewitching	"Chet"	I'm just that excited	The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid
Helen Stroupe	Dreamy(?)	Martha	Oh goodness!	A heart whose love is innocent
Lila Thompson	Quiet	Reading French	Good gracious!	Her modest looks the cottage might adorn, sweet as the primrose beneath the thorn
Louisa Thompson	Neat	Giggling	Oh girls ! !	Give me a standing place, and I will move the world.
Mildred Turner	Tall	Flirting	Oh, that's simply fierce	She moves a goddess and she looks a queen
Jean Tyson	Aristocratic	Writing Notes	Isn't that perfectly killing	She is the very pink of perfection
Esther Wist	Quiet	English	Oh, say	Her face is fair, her heart is true; As spotless as she's bonnie O
Mabel Woodin	Woodin	Quietness	Isn't it howling	All that's best of dark and bright



EXCHANGES.

We've gotten many papers far an' near,
An' some of them is good and some is not;
The "Comet," "Hyak," "Aegis," all are 'ere,
But the "Owl" is the finest o' the lot.
We've never had a better paper yet;
It's good, an' every page is in its place;
The exchanges are the best things we have met,
An' we recommend the "Owl" to set the pace.

So 'ere's to you, "Fresno Owl," may you prosper evermore,
An' your cuts an' joshes always be as good as 'eretofore;
We like to get good papers, an' it makes us glad to see,
That others are as enterprising as we would like to be.

These lines are to a paper called the "Item,"
For information it is quite complete;
An' if you read its pages you will like 'em,
For you'll find the news all there an' always neat.
It surely has a very tiny name,
But if you read it through you're sure to find
That it's a newsy paper all the same;
It's Pasadena's best, bear in mind.

So 'ere's to you, little "Item," may we hear from you again,
Your athletic cut takes an artist with a pen;
We give you every credit for the way your paper's run,
And we hope that you will flourish in the way that you 'ave done.

We've looked among the papers on our table,
An' found the "Mirror"—good it always is;
We're mighty glad to find that we are able
To get a paper that always knows its biz.
That talk about the "pomp" caught our attention.
Two different kinds of ink are spread throughout.
The only thing that we would like to mention, mention,
The joshes and exchanges are mixed up, there is no doubt.

So 'ere's to you, 'igh School Mirror, an' your staff so far away,
May your paper ever prosper as the years go, day by day;
May the Manual Training High School keep on always growing strong,
As all the other High Schools have been doing all along.

From Watsonville comes the "Manzanita,"
A brighter paper you can 'ardly find;
Its printed head could surely not be neater,
Its stories and its cuts are well defined.
And, oh! so many funny things
In this paper you will see;
For the "Manzanita" always sends
Jokes that we know not how to mend.

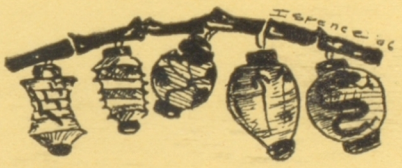
So 'ere's to you "Manzanita," will you keep

us all in mind,
For we like to get a paper that keeps up all the time;
Your clever cut for joshes we do certainly adore,
And we hope that Alameda will be favored as of yore.

The Easton 'igh School "Junto" is right 'ere,
We knew that it could surely not be late;
Its stories and its jokes are very clear.
They almost reach the standard for the cake.
The "Tocsin's" growing better all the time;
It has a splendid turkey on each page.
The "Janus," which is good, though lacking rhyme,
'as a story of "Revolutionary age."

So 'ere's to all the papers that we've this term received;
To judge from all your compliments we've done better than we believed.
We wish you all a long, long life, and hope next term to see,
That you will be as busy as one should always be.

L. O. T.



FOOT BALL

In reviewing the football side of athletics for the past term we fail to find any cause for complaint, but on the other hand there is a great cause for rejoicing. Although we did not win the championship of the A. A. L., we did win that which is to us the most important of the season, namely, the game with Berkeley High, by a score of four to zero, and thus accomplished that which for the past seven years has been a stonewall to the efforts of the other teams. The financial side also went fine. A dance at the first of the term brought enough money to pay a coach for six weeks, fix the Webster-street field and pay the other expenses of the team.

The season opened with Byron Paul as captain and Howard H. Fassett as manager. The prospects were anything but bright, for but four of last year's men remained with which to form the nucleus of a new team. On securing Jack Belknap, quarter-back of Dartmouth University, as coach, the prospects were soon changed. It was only by his excellent ability and untiring efforts that a quick and well-organized team was developed out of an almost entirely green squad.

After playing five preliminary games, in all of which Alameda was successful, the first league game was played in Alameda with Anderson's Academy, and resulted in a no-score tie, although the former outplayed her opponents in every stage of the game. In the next game of the series we lost to Centerville High. Our team was somewhat disorganized owing to the fact that the game was played in vacation. In the third contest we lined up against our old rivals, Berkeley High, at Webb park, better known as Stege. The game was the best played and best contested of the entire A. A. L. schedule, and was won by Alameda by a score of four to nothing, "Fritter's" Sundell's well-aimed drop kick in the last few moments of play deciding the game. In the final game of the season we met Oakland High School, who, by an accidental touchdown defeated our team and our championship aspirations.

Upon looking over the line-up it is easily seen that each man was well placed and trained. Captain Paul played his usual position as quarter-back, at which he showed excellent head work. We always found the weak spot in the opposing line and never failed to use the right man at the right moment.

"Johnnie" Siegfried was the man for straight bucks, and as full-back proved his value in many a tight pinch.

Russ McFarland, our right half-back, played a strong and consistent game, both on the offensive and defensive. His kicking was always a sure gain for the team.

Fred Greenwell surprised his friends by his quick and snappy playing. His tackling was good and on the defensive always held his own. His forward passes were accurate and well calculated.

At center we find the old aspirant, Dowdle, who easily outclassed his opponents.

The guards were both strong. "Willie" Gale held the right, and "Fat" Frick the left, and together with the center they proved to be an unusually strong trio.

Emile Bruzzone and Foster held the positions of tackles, and particularly the latter is to be complimented on his good playing. Both formed many a good interference and seldom failed to open a good hole for the backs.

The strength of our team was found by all opposing teams to lie in our ends. Sundell and Jackson proved this to many a half-back who quick and accurate and always the first down the field on punts.

Of all the substitutes Kues and Butler were the best all round men. Seagrave, Melcer, Joe Bruzzone and Bates were other side-line men, but when given the opportunity, played with a ginger that did them credit.

One afternoon in the early part of November the squad came together and after a closely contested election Russell McFarland was elected captain of the 1907 squad, and Frank Butler manager. Thus the season of the largest and liveliest football squad in the history of the school comes to an end, with the unanimous desire for a great success of the men of 1907.

It is interesting, after the storm of discussion which has centered around football for the past year, to observe what the practical effect of the amended rules has been.

Taking them on the whole, they may be said to have fulfilled all expectations, although at first condemned by many as being too radical, they have justified the change. The elimination of the grinding mass play, always the most uninteresting to the spectator and the most productive of serious injuries, and the substitution of the more open and spectacular end runs and forward passes, together with the increased importance of kicking, have practically revolutionized the game.

The value of this change is shown from the statistics of the past season, which show that where there were ten injuries under the old rules there are now but one. Again, there was not one serious injury received by any of the men on our squad during the entire season. So in conclusion I would say that the game as played this year has met with the most hearty approval of the student body and faculty.

Byron H. Paul, Captain of A. H. S. Football Team.

There is one man at present in Alameda High School to whom, more than to anyone else, the gratitude and regard of the student body are due. That man is Byron Paul, football captain. In 1903 he made the team in the position of quarterback, and earned an enviable reputation in his first year. In 1904 he again won this, the most responsible position on the team, and it was under his guidance that Alameda beat Stockton by the score of 29-0. In 1905 he played his old position in the first four games; he was then shifted to full-back, where he remained through the rest of the league schedule. As a line-bucker, Paul was considered superior to any other high school player of the season. This year Paul played in several positions, owing to vacancies on the team, and his all-around ability was clearly shown by his uniformly excellent work.

Paul's personality is largely responsible for his success. At all times he has held the unswerving loyalty of his men, and has imbued them with his own enthusiasm. It may not be generally known that "By" arose from a sick-bed to stand by his team in the final game of the season, and played throughout the game, although suffering intense pain from his exertions. The thanks of the entire school belong to Captain Paul for his untiring efforts in her behalf.

Howard Fassett

Manager of Football Team

Howard H. Fassett '06½, was the man to whom was intrusted the management of the football affairs for the season just ended. He has proved himself fully deserving of this charge, being one of the most energetic and capable managers in the history of the school. Due to his financiering, the team was carried through the entire season with a net surplus in the treasury. At all times Fassett has worked hard and conscientiously in the discharge of his official duties, and has taken good care of the interests of the school. The success of the past season is in great measure attributable to his clever management.

TRACK NOTES

For the past track season we find much for praise, and much that is encouraging. At the beginning of the term our track squad consisted of nine men, and with this team Alameda defeated Wilmerding and Lowell High in a three-cornered meet, by a one-sided score. Our relay team, in that meet, consisting of Jackson, Kues, Lepulveda and Captain Macauley, broke the Pacific Coast record for the half-mile relay, running it in 1:38. Macauley also broke the school record in the four-forty yard dash, held by himself, lowering it to 50 4-5 seconds.

Football then claimed all of the track men except three, Macauley, Perkins and Lepulveda; the latter has been ill for several months and was unable to compete any further for his school.

In the B. C. A. L. four-forty, Macauley won from an unusually fast field with yards to spare. His time was three twentieths of a second slower than the league record, and, but for one of the rankest and most deliberate fouls ever committed on the Berkeley oval, he would have clipped fully two seconds from this mark. In the A. A. L. he ran the most sensational quarter-mile of recent seasons, leading every inch of the race from start to finish, out-distancing all of the crack high school middle-distance runners of the State. In the two-twenty he had a walk-over, winning in his own time from Gray of Santa Rosa High. Macaulay is the academic champion in the quarter-mile and furlong dashes until next spring, when he will undoubtedly win both events again.

In the P. A. A. coast championship field day Macaulay won the two-twenty dash in 23 2-5 seconds, lowering his own school record of twenty-four flat. He also won his trial heat in the hundred-yard event, but stumbled and fell in the finish.

Perkins ran well in both league meets, particularly in the A. A. L. With the experiences he has gained this season, "Tim" should be a sure point winner next year.

Alameda's track prospects for the coming spring are very bright, and in both of the league meets and the Stanford Interscholastic, the White and Gold score is expected to be greater than ever before.

Dec., 1906. H. H. F.

TENNIS

During the past term, tennis has been rather popular among the students as a pastime. Almost every afternoon some of the club members were found enjoying a game with their friends. It is encouraging to notice the increasing interest taken by the girls in this game, and particularly by those of the lower classes. Judging from the present indications in this activity, we have excellent opportunities to win the boys' and girls 'A. A. L. championship next spring. An interclass tournament was inaugurated, but it was found to be impracticable to complete it, as the events interfered with the daily practice of the football team, but nevertheless several closely contested matches were played. The officers of the club for the past term were: President, Fritz R. Claxton '07; vice-president, Theodore H. Searle '07 1-2; secretary, Miss Helen Stroupe '06 1-2; treasurer, Mr. A. H. Cogswell, faculty.

The Wearers of the Big "A"

Seniors—

Jackson Paul Melcer
Sundell Sepulveda
Frick Dowdle

Middlers—

Macaulay Foster Bates
Kues

Juniors—

McFarlan Siegfried Butler
Burton Brushe
Bronson Bruzzone, E. Bruzzone, J.

Freshmen—

Gale Greenwell

The basket-ball girls have accomplished a great deal this term, though not quite so much as they might have wished. They have not played many games, but more than this, they have developed a team of which any school might well be proud. It is composed mostly of enthusiastic girls from the lower classes. Under the efficient captainship of Miss Hilda Coulter and the coaching of Miss Haworth and Miss Hewitt, they have done great things this term. Games were played with Miss Horton's school, in Oakland, Fruitvale High School, and Petaluma High, in most of which Alameda came home victorious. Before the end of the term several other games will be played, though we do not know definitely as yet who our opponents will be.

Alameda-Fruitvale (10-1).

On Friday, Nov. 17, 1906, the A. H. S. picked team met Fruitvale High on our own court. The line-up was as follows:

Goals—Misses Martha Gordenker, Annette Boriellis and Hilda Coulter (captain).

Centers—Gertrude Brown, Constance Mulvaney and Alice Rank.

Guards—Hermina Schlageter, Ruth Sackett and Grace Dudley.

The crowd was a big one and the game very exciting. Our girls played beautifully and came out victorious by the score of 10-1. Doesn't this show what A. H. S. basket ball girls can do when they have a good court and the support of the school?

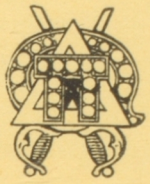
Petaluma-Alameda (2-0).

On Saturday, November 17, Alameda played their return game with Petaluma High School on the A. H. S. court. When their guests arrived, our girls entertained them most royally at a luncheon, served in Miss Dyer's room. At 2 o'clock the game began. The support was even better this time. The two teams were so evenly matched that the score remained 0 to 0 until just the last minute, Petaluma threw two free baskets, making the score 2 to 0 in their favor.

FRATERNITIES.
ΔΚ
I Spence 06.

Chapter Roll Pi Delta Koppa

Alpha	Michigan Military Acad'y, Orchard Lake, Mich.
Illinois Beta	Chicago High School, Chicago, Ill.
Oregon Beta	Portland High School, Portland, Ore.
California Beta	San Jose High School, San Jose, Cal.
California Gamma	Lowell High School, San Francisco, Cal.
California Delta	Santa Cruz High School, Santa Cruz, Cal.
California Epsilon	Los Angeles High School, Los Angeles, Cal.
California Zeta	Santa Clara High School, Santa Clara, Cal.
California Theta	Oakland High School, Oakland, Cal.
California Eta	Alameda High School, Alameda, Cal.
California Iota	Russ High School, San Diego, Cal.
California Kappa	Mt. Tamalpais Military Acad., San Rafael, Cal.
California Lamba	Fresno High School, Fresno, Cal.
California Mu	Berkeley High School, Berkeley, Cal.
Oregon Gamma	Bishop Scott Academy, Portland, Ore.
Washington Beta	Spokane High School, Spokane, Wash.
Michigan Gamma	Detroit High School, Detroit, Mich.
Michigan Eta	Central High School, Detroit, Mich.
Kentucky Beta	Manual Training High School, Louisville, Ky.
Ohio Beta	Cleveland High School, Cleveland, O.
Louisiana Beta	New Orleans High School, New Orleans, La.
Tennessee Beta	Nashville High School, Nashville, Tenn.



Seniors—

Byron Paul. Montie Haslett. William Evert

Edwin Higgins. Alfred Sundell.

Middlers—

Frank Butler. Lloyd Burton.

Juniors—

Spencer Brush. Kenneth Abbot.

Freshmen—

Charles Dodge.

Post Graduate

Harry Nason.

ΔO
ΔO

DELTA OMICRON,

CHAPTER ROLL April 5, 1905

Alpha ..... Troy Academy, Troy, N. Y.

Beta ..... State Preparatory School, Boulder, Colo.

Gamma ..... Alameda High School, Alameda, Calif.

Delta ..... Williamstown High School, Williamstown, Mass.

Epsilon ..... Saratoga Springs High School, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Phi ..... Troope Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena, Calif.

Kappa ..... Denver Manual Training High School, Denver, Colo.

Amega-Alpha (Alumni) ..... Renseelar Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

GAMMA CHAPTER

Seniors

W. A. Foster. Alfred Melcer. Henry Jackson.

Middiers

Cary A. Troy. Clarence Sanborn.

Sub-Juniors

R. W. Gunton.

Pledged

Charles Gibbs. Maurice Kebby.

SIERRA

ALPHA PI.

Fraternitas Condita A. D. MCMV.

Fratres Ex Schola

David James Clark.

Joseph Burt Emmal.

Fratres In Schola

Class Of '06

Helmut Henry Hinck.

Howard Henry Fassett.

Class Of '07

Kenneth Jamison Stamford.

Fritz Robertson Claxton.

Albert Loris Dexter.

Class Of '08

Paul Hughes Kuhns.

Class Of '09

Edward Seagrave.

John Siegfried.

HONOR SOCIETY.

FOUNDED JULY 9, 1903

Fratres ex Schola

Jerome M. Politzer.
Raymond Gott.
Chester N. Jamison.
George Wallace.
Frank A. Rue.
Lawrence S. Lynch.
Edwin M. Otis.
Leslie F. Baker.
Ralph S. Marx.
Dan S. Wise.
Eugene A. Canalizo.
Gerald J. Brooks.
Harry W. Nason.
Sydney Shepard.
Harry Q. Johnson.
Fred M. Crawford.
Steven F. Otis.
Russell P. Baker.
Jack Millar.

In School

Byron A. Paul.
Edwin Higgins.
William Foster.

Gamma of Mask and Book.

INSTALLED MARCH 1906

Charter Members

Lawrence Lynch. William Everts. Harry Nason.

Edmund Brush. Allan Field.

Initiates

Byron Paul. Alfred Sundell. Montie Haslett.

Henry Jackson.

Chapter Roll

Alpha ..... Oakland High School.

Beta ..... Sacramento High School.

Gamma ..... Alameda High School.

Alpha Sigma

Chapter Roll

ALPHA ..... Oakland High School, Oakland, Cal.
BETA ..... Berkeley High School, Berkeley, Cal.
GAMMA ..... Girls High San Francisco
DELTA ..... Lowell High School, San Francisco, Cal.
EPSILON ..... Sacramento High School.
ETA ..... Alameda High School, Alameda, Cal.
THETA ..... Visalia High School,
IOTA ..... Eureka High School,

Eta Chapter

Graduates

Adele Ehrenberg. Marion Mitchell. Jean Tyson. Jane Becker.

Seniors—

Roberta Haslett. Bessie Yates. Emmy Lemcke.

Middlers—

Ione Connor.

Juniors—

Edith Cramer. Mildred Lausiva. Ruth Holt.

Jessie Hall. Merguerite Parr.

Sub Juniors

Alice Teller. Theo Spaulding.

Pledged Members

Loraine Jordan. Dorothy Tisdale. Olga Russell.

Delta of Delta Sigma Theta

Founded November 17. 1905

MEMBERSHIP ROLL

Seniors

Majorie Cockroft. Edith Cameron.

Middlers

Gladys Brooks.

Juniors

Wynnie Meredith. Aida Kunze.

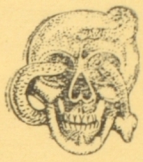
Norma Whitney. Marion Troy.

Sub Juniors

Hazel Cockroft. Bessie Troy. Georgie Meredith.

Absent on Leave

Vida Peterson. Alice Wulzen.



Skull and Serpent.

Founded February 28, 1905

June '05 Class

Ethel O'Brien. Alice Harrington. Frances Amann.

Josephine Keenan. Alice Waurer. Eleanor French.

Maude Fisher. Hope Cortelyou.

Dec. '05 Class

Gertrude Comfort.

June '06 Class

Helen White. Ella Shreve.

Bessie Pratt. Bessie Penfield.

Dec. '06 Class

Jane Becker. Adele Ehrenberg. Ida Spence,

Grace Renner. Marjorie Cockroft. Jean Tyson.

June '07 Class

Emmy Lemcke. Roberta Haslett. Edith Cameron.

Viola Minor. Gertrude Postel.

Delta Sigma Gamma.

Founded February 15, 1906

MEMBERS

Bessie Searle. Vega Miller. Clara Martin.

Myrtle Fisher. Beatrice Stedman.

Ruby Forderer. Anita Junkins. Elvah Sennett.

Alumni Notes

Katherine Hasty, June '06, has just returned home from Tacoma, where she has been since vacation.

Lewis Durkee came up from Los Angeles for the Stanford-Berkeley game, and remained in town for a week.

Gertrude Scudder, June '06, is living in Watsonville now, and is taking a P. G. course at the High School there.

Alexine Mitchell is back at school getting her credits, as she contemplates entering Stanford next August.

Ira Rader has received his appointment at West Point.

Miss Irma Taylor expects to visit Alameda in about a week.

Harry Johnson has left Alameda to visit in San Jose, his former home.

Emily Frank is now visiting and travelling in Mexico, and expects to stay there until after Christmas.

Ruth Notnagle has just returned to Alameda from her visit East.

Beatrice Gottheim expects to go to Europe in April. She will probably travel in Germany, Italy and France.

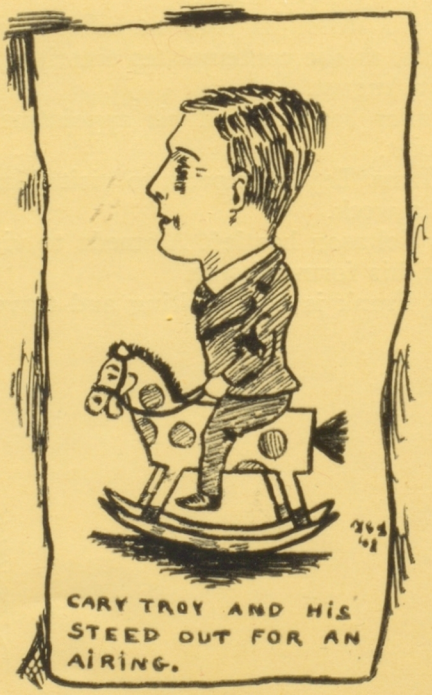
Josephine Kebby, a former Alameda High School student, has announced her engagement to Chauncey Pond. The wedding is set for February.

Josephine Kiser is taking a course at a polytechnic business college.

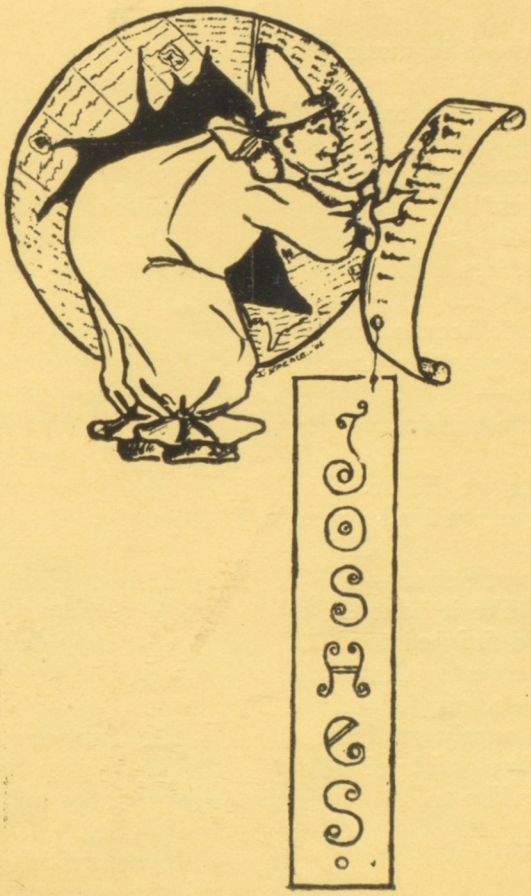
Florence James was up from Los Angeles for a week's visit. She will return Sunday, and probably reside there indefinitely.

Laura Wells came up from Stanford for the big game.

THE BEST THE CAMERA COULD DO FOR BROTHER FRICK.



CARY TROY AND HIS STEED OUT FOR AN AIRING.



'06 BUBBLES

Alan Frick—
"One man is as big as his hat band, another as big as his waist band."
Helen Perkins—
"Quick lunches make slow funeral processions."
Left to the Imagination—
"When hearts are trumps, man is usually a jackass."
Jean Tyson—
"Cut flowers never come at cut prices."
Grace Renner—
"None so blind as those in autos."
Henry Jackson —
"Money is to have, but not to hold."
Ida Spence—
"Many wives are leading ladies; many husbands understudies."
Will Everts—
"A knocker never makes a hit."
The Acorn—
"Great oaks from little acorns grow;
Great aches from little bottles flow."
Manager of Senior Acorn—
"Big pains from little ache-corns grow."
Senior B French Class—
"Of all hard subjects we did see,
French was the worse, we'll all agree."

Dedicated to Our Friends at School—
Do you think you'd like it better,
If you thought you'd finished too?
Do you think you'd care to join us?
If you'd like—why do, oh do.
Do you think you'll surely graduate,
In the sweet, sweet bye and bye?
If you'd really, truly like to,
You'd better try—
You'd better try.

These are Our Sentiments—
One, two three four,
No, we don't want any more;
Ein, zwei, drei, vier,
We've had enough this year;
Yet, nee, sam, see,
With us you all will agree,
It's great to be through,
Just wait till it's you,
One, two, three!

A toast to December '06—
"Here's to the class we know and love,
Here's to its members true;
Here's to our dear old commencement night,
When all our toils are through.
Up with our flag and float it high,
Flashing its gold and red,
Till all of us sing to our dear old class
'06—may it ne'er be dead.

NOTICE.—Entertainment to be given by the class of December '06, in the A. H. S. gymnasium.

Solo by Miss Tyson, 'Give Me a Short Man every time."

Solo by Henry Jackson, "Woman, Thou Faithless Creature."

The Misses Thompson, Mildred Turner, Jane Becker and others, led by Jean Tyson, will sing "All I Want Is a Bunch of Flowers."

Intermission, selection rendered by the High School orchestra, led by Claxton, "Oh, Bring the Wagon Home, John," "Bedelia," and "Home, Sweet Home."

Brandt and Jackson, assisted by Cupid Frick, in the thrilling spectacle, "Robbing the Midnight Express."

Miss Spence, the well-known artist, will paint in five minutes Em Lou's heavenly smile upon Helmut Hinck in the pose of a villain.

A High Senior French lesson, Boots Everts arguing with the girls about flowers, Jean's notes.

The feature of the evening—Allen J. Frick, better known as "Cupid" Frick, and Miss Coulter, the auburn-haired beauty, in "Romeo and Juliet."

Those wishing to spend the remaining part of the evening, may take a row around the tennis court with Heine Jackson, or an auto spin upon the school roof with Boots Everts.

Miss Hohfeld (expounding on Senior Play) —Yes, every one in the cast is from the class except Harry Lepulveda, and he hasn't a speaking part.

Mr. Lynch—Is that so?

Miss Hohfeld—Yes, I chose him because he had such a good voice.

THE DIFFICULTY OF TWO HIGH AND MIGHTY SENIORS.

Scene—Laid in Miss Hohfeld's room during Senior B English period.

Characters—E. L. F., a coy young lady; H. H. F., an ardent admirer.

Time—10 minutes.

Synopsis of Scenes—Acts, I; scenes, IV.

Scene I.

Note passed from young man to young lady. Blushes and smiles exchanged. Other pupils look a little.

Scene II.

A note passed back to young man from young lady. Blushes and smiles follow again. Miss Hohfeld gets busy.

Scene III.

Miss Hohfeld noticing exchange of smiles, innocently makes inquiries as to the joke. Both culprits become greatly embarassed. Great excitement in class; all pupils stand up to look on the scene of action.

Scene IV.

The accused gentleman blushingly informs Miss Hohfeld that she is not in on the joke. Young lady becomes very nervous and says she was really trying to pay attention, but could not under the circumstances. The affair was settled by the young gentleman, who promised to tell Miss Hohfeld all in the near future.

Bell rings.

WANTED—A HUSBAND.

I.

Appearance, quite dignified;
  Heighth, rather tall,
Six feet or thereabouts;
  Less is too small.

Hair—here I hesitate—
  But at red draw the line.
Eyes, any color
  That'll be true to mine.

III.

Smooth shaven, chin cleft,
  And teeth pearly white;
Manners agreeable;
  A muscle of might.

IV.

One who'll not grumble
  When pic-crust is tough,
But say with a smile,
  "Oh, that's good enough.

V.

Love the chief factor,
  But cash will help some;
Don't want a gad-about,
  One fond of home.

VI.

Can't stand a widower,
  He need not apply;
Rather a younger man,
  But not too shy.

Any one answering to this description apply to "Author, December '06."

Alan—Oh, Ida, have you got those stools yet?

Ida S.—No, not ch-yet—Since when, Ida?

Miss Garretson—Miss Tyson, what is "We praise Thee, O God," the beginning of?

Miss Tyson (after a little thought)—Oh, when they take up the collection.

Mr. Frick enters the civics class and interrupts the recitation by speaking with Miss Frisbie. As he was going out Mr. Gilbertson says:

"Mr. Frick, you have not given me any excuse for being absent from the civics lesson."

Mr. Frick—Well, please excuse me—I forgot.

Miss Hohfeld—What is the rhyme system of Shelley's "The Cloud?"

Miss Mitchell—It is antiseptic.

Freshman—Oh, don't you know "HIM," or rather "IT?" That's Mister Edward Higgins.

Junior—Who is that sport with patent leather shoes, sporty suit, and turned-up trousers?

Mr. Gilbertson (in S. B. Civics)—Mr. Frick, you may leave the room.

General outburst from class.

Mr. Browning—You may go too— (?)

Byron Paul, Edwin Higgins and Harry Nason are to be tendered a vote of thanks by the High School for the noble way in which they entertained the yound ladies of the Girls Glee Club of Oakland High.

Mr Murphy did it.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM, TAKEN JUST AFTER THE BERKELEY GAME.

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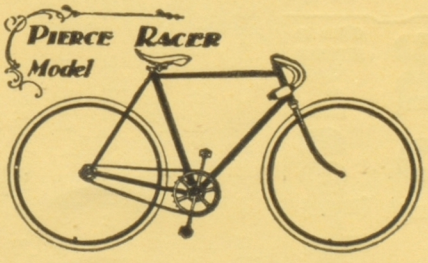

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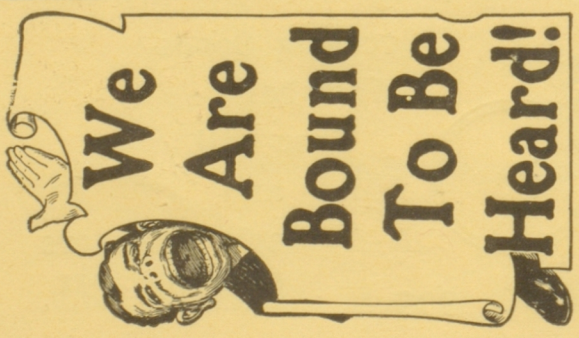

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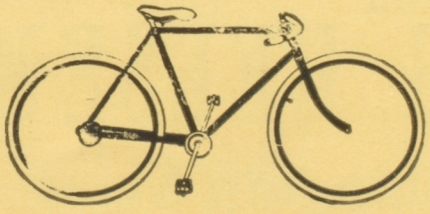

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A FOOL

doesn't envy you because you are smart; a fool doesn't know he is a fool.

That set me to thinking, so I consulted Mrs Minister. 'If I am a fool I dont know it", I said looking as fierce as I could. "Nothing doing, papa", she remarked; "Keep on thinking you're smart". But how am I to know I'm smart?" I persisted. "keep on bring me those delicious chocolate creams from Lehnhardt's", she said quickly. Now wouldn't that creamate you?

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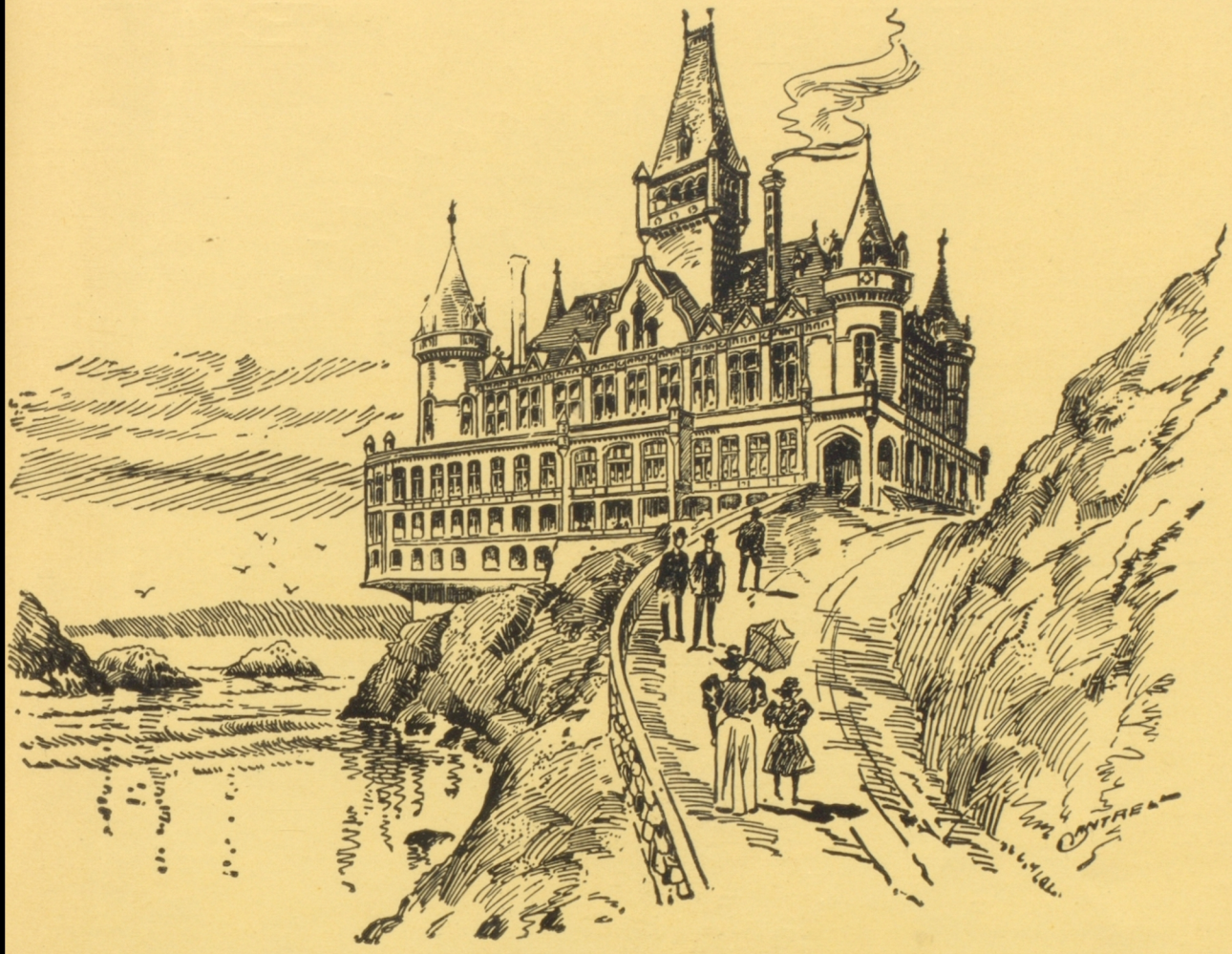

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